

# FANTASTIC FOUR

**MARVEL** 22  
LGY#718

RATED T+


**BLOOD HUNT**

TIE-IN



NORTH • FIORELLI • ABURTOV





I'm *Alicia Masters*, sculptor. Right now I'm surrounded by hundreds of survivors in Madison Square Garden.

*Reed Richards* got us here-- safely--through great effort. He's had to stretch himself-- mentally and literally-- to keep us all alive.

He's saving us from *vampires*.

We're resting, trying to *recover*, under the full-spectrum lights that are keeping us *safe*.

Until suddenly, they aren't *there* anymore.

The lights....!

I felt it too! What do we--?

The next three things happen all at once.

I hear *doors* being *forced* at the entrance.

I hear *breaking glass* above us.

It's the sound of bone-deep *fatigue*.

And I hear a small, shuddering sigh from *Reed*. It's so quiet I don't think he even realizes he *made* the noise.

The man needs rest. Even *Mister Fantastic* can't do this again.

But he must.



And so he  
does.

Everyone!  
Stay--

**ARRGH!**

--stay  
beneath  
me!!

**FWOO**

He stretches out,  
covering us like a *roof*.  
He gives everything  
he has and then  
*keeps going*.






Like Ben and Sue and Johnny and everyone else who's ever been a member of the Fantastic Four...

...Reed Richards does what he can.






I get up quickly, but as I do, my hand touches something wet--and warm.




And metallic.

Reed,  
are you--  
--are you bleeding?



That emergency stretch--tore me, Alicia. But that's--*ooof*--that's the least of our worries.


I'm keeping my wound *inside* to protect it from vampiric infection.



Where do we go? The basement?

It's the only option left. And it's where the generator is.

But we have to move now...



...or, very soon, we won't be able to move at all!



Here  
they  
are....

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**BEN GRIMM  
THE THING**

**REED RICHARDS  
MR. FANTASTIC**

**SUSAN RICHARDS  
THE INVISIBLE  
WOMAN**

**JOHNNY STORM  
THE HUMAN  
TORCH**

Together,  
they are the

# FANTASTIC FOUR

**& ALICIA  
MASTERS-  
GRIMM**

A group of vampires launched a coordinated attack across the globe, using Darkforce energy to blot out the sun. Mr. Fantastic and Alicia Masters-Grimm were in New York City when the assault began. Working together, they gathered and protected civilians from vampires in a stadium stronghold.

Back in Arizona, the remaining members of the team struggled to protect their children from a group of attacking vampires.

**"SAFE ONCE MORE"**

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Sue, you're exhausted. First, tryin' ta keep that invisibility field in th' sky, and now wit' the force-field protectin' us.

It ain't sustainable.



I just won't sleep, Ben. I'll stay awake.

Don't let me fall asleep.

Yer only human, Sue, which means yer gonna fall asleep eventually, whether ya want to or not. And when ya do...

I got an idea.



Maybe this is stupid, but, like--I *do* make light. Who says I can't make light like how the sun does?

Full-spectrum solar radiation.

I mean--mebbe. But how are ya gonna know when yer makin' the right kinda light, Johnny? Ain't there *spectrographs* an' whatnot ya gotta know?

Nah. Gee, I'll know I've got it right when *they* run from it.

Yeah, UV and everything else! That'd do it, right? That's something I could do to fight vampires?



FLAME ON!









Reed has to get smaller, or that tear is going to get bigger. He contracts, pressing us together...

...but keeping us *safe*.

We move-- and are moved-- down to the basement.

I can't help but think that Reed's blood, left behind us, buys us a little time.

He stretches himself once more-- *expanding* to fill the space, to make sure there're no vampires in here with us.

He ensures there's no way in, that every steel door down here is *secure*.

His wounds tear *bigger*.



And then he retreats, becomes himself again...

Alicia...

...and tries to *heal*.

I've got you, Reed.  
I've got you.





Is anyone here a doctor?!

Please, he needs a doctor!

Um, I'm a third-year med student. My name's Priya.

He's injured, Priya. There's a tear...

I can see that. Does this, um, normally happen when he stretches?

Normally--don't need to go so far, so fast. Normally give myself more time.

Had to--

Okay, relax, save your strength, Mr. Fantastic. Uh, Mr. Richards.

Mr. Fantastic.

"Reed"... is fine...

I can stitch him together, but I'm going to need tools.

If Sue were here, she'd form them with force-fields. If Johnny were here, he'd sterilize anything we found.

And Ben...

Ben would help to find the blamed things--just like I can.

Okay, everyone, listen up! We need scissors and thread and boiling water.

The lights may be gone, but we still have power. We've got a whole stadium basement to search, and Reed Richards is counting on us.

Move, move, move!



ARIZONA  
EARLIER

Well, we ain't  
stayin' here an' waitin'  
ta be vampire chow.  
All aboard, kids. We're  
off ta find *help*--  
an' be help,  
if we can.

The first stop is the  
neighbors. Gracie and her  
husband have a root cellar  
under their house.

If they made  
it there in  
time...

...then  
we can  
help.

REED:  
CAN'T KEEP DARKFORCE INVISIBLE OR  
HOLD IT BACK WITH FORCE-FIELDS  
JOHNNY'S FLAMES KEEP VAMPIRES AWAY  
WENT TO HELP OTHERS  
FIND US







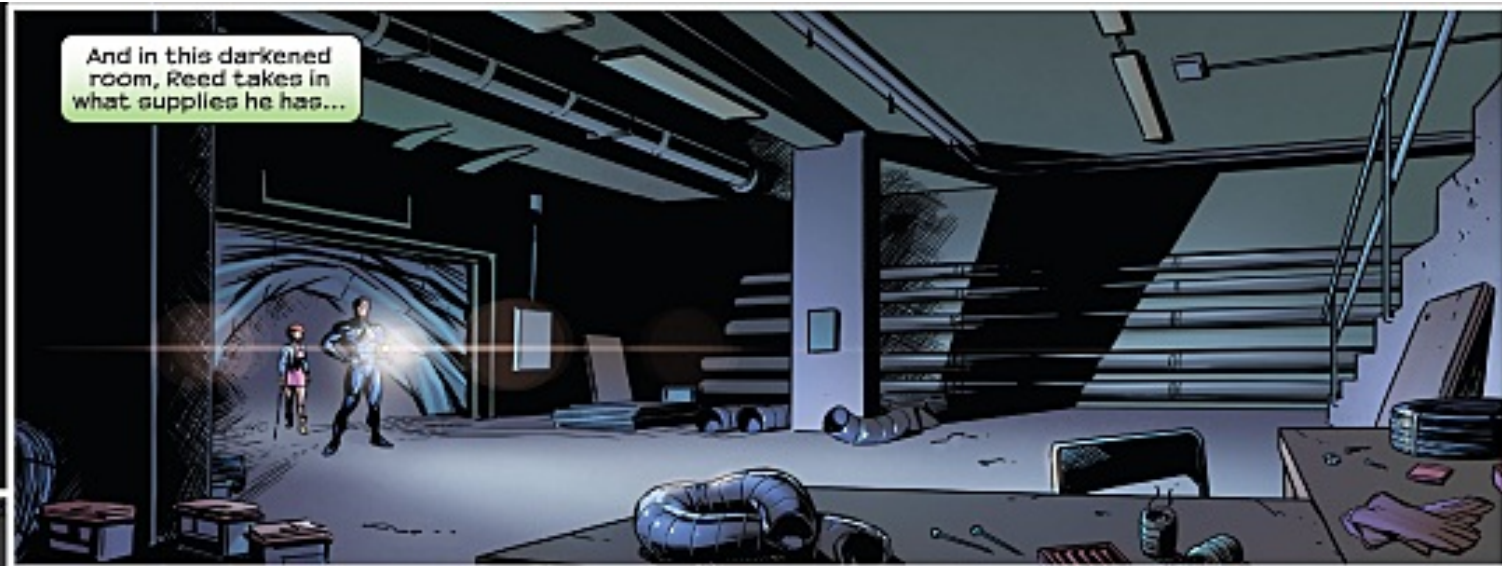




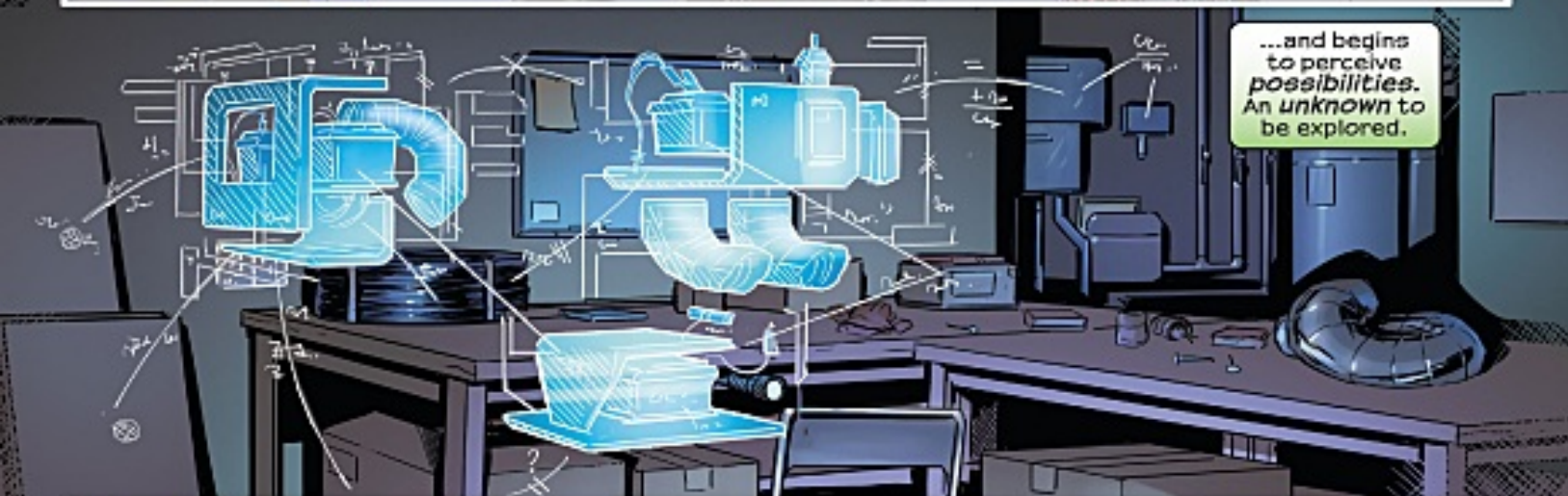




And in this darkened room, Reed takes in what supplies he has...



...and begins to perceive possibilities. An unknown to be explored.



And so the smartest man in the world begins to work.



You know, Alicia, if you weren't such a great sculptor, I'd say you missed your true calling as a motivational speaker.

Oh, I'm actually great at many things, thank you very much.







**FWOOSH**  
**ARRRGH!!**

That's right! *Any* of you lurking in the shadows, you better listen up: These people are protected by the *Fantastic Four*!

And guess what?! Sunlight's the best disinfectant, you vampire jerks!



We *save* people! That's what we *do*! And we're gonna keep on saving people until there isn't anyone left who needs saving! Humans are *off the menu*, you hear me?



Go bite each other for all I care! Or cows! Maybe feed on cows!

Only you won't have a chance because *Reed* is gonna *solve this* any second now!



Also, don't feed on cows-- we don't need vampire cows running around! And don't feed on any birds either! In fact, forget I mentioned both those ideas!

Uh--Uncle Johnny...?



Go back to sleep, buddy, we're good. Just had to teach some vampires who thought they'd sneak past the eye of the *Storm* a lesson.

How long were you sitting on that line, Johnny?

Shh. Sleep, Sis. I'll have *plenty* more zingers when you wake.







This, Alicia--  
--assuming  
it works--

--is a cellular  
resonator.

I'm  
listening.



I'm far outside  
the boundaries of  
peer-reviewed science,  
but it *seems* reasonable  
that vampirically infected  
cells--"undead" in the  
common parlance--are  
materially changed  
from living ones.

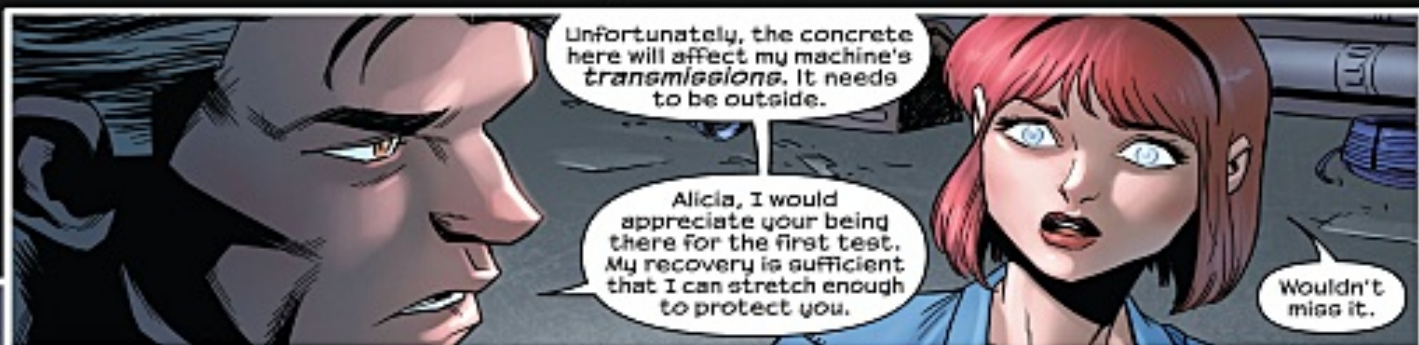
And that  
means they may--  
*may*--have a  
different frequency  
of *mechanical*  
resonance.



So this  
causes infected  
cells to *vibrate*  
but leaves normal  
ones alone.

Arresting  
any further  
infection--precisely.  
Honestly, it's just a  
theory that fits  
the facts.

However,  
it is a theory  
that can be  
*tested*.



Unfortunately, the concrete  
here will affect my machine's  
*transmissions*. It needs  
to be outside.

Alicia, I would  
appreciate your being  
there for the first test.  
My recovery is sufficient  
that I can stretch enough  
to protect you.

Wouldn't  
miss it.



We're going to be back shortly.  
Is anyone here familiar with the  
Fibonacci sequence?

Uh,  
yeah?

Then you're in charge of the door:  
I'll knock the first eight numbers  
when we return.

Don't open  
it for anyone  
else.









Okay.  
We're outside,  
Alicia.

I noticed--  
the ground  
changed from smooth  
tile to rougher  
pavement.

Ready  
for your first  
experiment?



I am.  
Flip the  
switch!

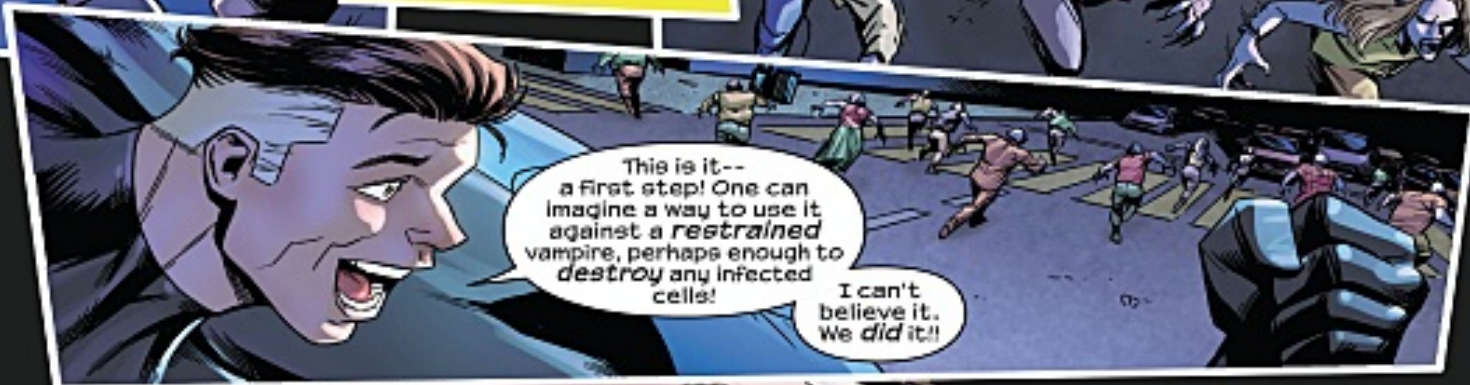
ULIN

SKREEE! SKREEEE!



It's working!  
Alicia, it's  
working!

It's  
repulsing the  
vampires!!



This is it--  
a first step! One can  
imagine a way to use it  
against a *restrained*  
vampire, perhaps enough to  
*destroy* any infected  
cells!

I can't  
believe it.  
We *did* it!!



We did  
it.



I knew you could do it, bud. What's the next step?

More experiments, certainly, and we'll have to find a way to target it--and to scale it up. We--

Wait. Something doesn't make sense.



Reed?

The skies are clearing too.

That's good, isn't it?

Yes, but my resonator shouldn't be able to *affect* that, even if it *could* reach that far--the inverse-square law *has* to apply...



What I built should *only* be enough to hold infection at bay, *locally* and at the *cellular* level--and that's in the best case. Things are *reversing*, Alicia. That's not possible.

I couldn't-- it can't--



...This isn't me.

And that could be good news. That could actually be *great* news. Alicia, could you turn off the cellular resonator, please?



WUW

Done.





Nothing's changed. The skies are still clearing!

I can feel it-- the sun's on my face! The clouds are gone? This is over?

Yes! Yes, I believe it is!

And we didn't *do* it-- someone *else* solved the problem! Incredible. *Fantastic!*

I wonder who it was-- a worldwide event *could* involve anyone, Sue? Johnny?

...Tony?



Speaking of-- I'm getting messages from Sue, Alicia. They're *fine*. They're all safe!

Thank God.



But then comes a voice, one I'll find out later is coming from every speaker and screen on the planet-- even those that are *powered off*.

Your attention, please: The vampire threat is over, and this world-- our world-- is safe once more.

Of course I *recognize* the speaker-- how could I not? And as I do...



...the Earth *tilts* beneath my feet.

And you have but one man to thank: Earth's new, *superior* Sorcerer Supreme...

No!

It can't be. It can't.





...Victor Von  
Doom.

Doom, a humble  
king of a small nation,  
has saved you where all  
other heroes failed.  
And Doom alone gives you  
your freedom back--  
your peace--  
your prosperity.

And as he  
now assumes his  
new mantle as Earth's  
protector against all  
enemies, magical or  
mystical...



...Doom will  
have much to  
announce very,  
very soon.

...@#%&.

TO BE CONTINUED...



FOR THOSE OF YOU JUST JOINING US, ME AND WOLVERINE ARE TRAPPED IN A ZOMBIE UNIVERSE!

OW, OW, OW!

# DEADPOOL AND WOLVERINE

WEAPON X-TRACTION  
PART THREE

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WRITER ARTIST COLOR ARTIST LETTERER  
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ASSISTANT EDITOR ASSOCIATE EDITOR EDITOR EDITOR IN CHIEF

COME ON, BUDDY! TAKE THE FLESH ALREADY!!!

SWALLOW IT--DON'T JUST CHEW IT!

\*\*\*OR GET OFF THE POT!!!

AAAAANNND...

Schlllght

...DEAD.









OKAY, WHEN THAT PORTAL SHOWED UP BEFORE, I WAS TEMPTING FATE BY TALKING ABOUT A PARALLEL UNIVERSE.

SO...

AHEM.

WOW, WHAT IF THERE WAS A UNIVERSE WHERE INSTEAD OF ZOMBIES, IT WAS FILLED WITH HUNKS AND BABES, EACH AS GENEROUS AS THEY ARE FLEXIBLE AND OPEN-MINDED?

ESPECIALLY IF SAID HUNKS AND BABES WERE WILLING TO NAVIGATE THE GREAT COMPLEXITIES--AND EVEN GREATER REWARDS--OF AN OPEN RELATIONSHIP IN THE FORM OF A NONHIERARCHICAL POLYCULE!

BOY, IT'D BE CRAZY IF A PORTAL DUMPED US THERE!



...NOTHING? NOT EVEN A U'L PORTAL?

DANG IT.

ONE DAY, I'LL FIND MY WAY BACK TO YOU, PANSEXUAL ETHICAL NON-MONOGAMY UNIVERSE.











IS THAT BAD? I FEEL LIKE THAT'S BAD.

I'M PRETTY SURE THAT'S ACTUALLY REALLY, REALLY BAD.

SO GET US OUT OF IT!

I JUST SHOWED YOU, MAN! I DON'T KNOW HOW. WHATEVER'S BEHIND THESE MULTIVERSAL PORTALS, IT'S NOT ME! I CAN'T--

--CONTROL IT.

(WHOOAAAAA!)

UP NEXT IN **SPIDER-GWEN: THE GHOST-SPIDER #3**, WOLVERINE TRIES TO KILL ME! IT'S SO RUDE.

AND ENTERTAINING!





**NEXT:**